

# LUCIFER.

## THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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WHOLE NO. 1056

### G. BERNARD SHAW.

Fashionable American society has evidently come to the conclusion that it took a serpent to its bosom when it made a pet of Bernard Shaw. Some time ago New York received him on the recommendation of England, Germany and Europe generally, and was delighted to find that he was much livelier than most of the other writers who had been sent over with similar credentials. Accordingly, it grew very fond of him. But Shaw turned out a sad disappointment. After gaining the confidence of the respectable with comparatively harmless plays like "Candida" and "You Never Can Tell" he suddenly unsheathed his claws, and horrified his admirers with "Man and Superman" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Then leading citizens found out that Shaw was a Socialist, and indignant fathers and husbands realized that he was an apostle of Free Motherhood. Fashionable New York is trying very hard to drop Bernard Shaw now, and the critics all say that they really never thought he was anything of a playwright, and they never could see what all the fuss was about.

Europe, however, is accustomed to the radicalism of genius, and has not lost its head over the opinions of Bernard Shaw. Germany was, perhaps, the first country that fully appreciated him. When London still thought of him only as a Fabian essayist Berlin acclaimed him as a rising dramatist. What England now thinks of him may be gathered from two recent articles, one in the "Athenaeum," which has always been considered the chief English literary review, and the other in the "Edinburgh Review," the best of the quarterlies.

The "Athenaeum" says: "The man who stands highest among living speakers of our tongue for the combination of distinction and fastidious taste could pick no hole in 'Man and Superman,' except that 'Hell is too long.'"

The "Edinburgh Review," in its April number, says: "The power of producing an impression of life which seems, and which is, more real than reality, may be counted Mr. Shaw's supreme gift as a dramatist." And again: "His plays have the disarming quality of seeming to write themselves."

As I said, Europe expects great writers to be radicals. When Tennyson died a few years ago it was universally admitted that there were only two men fit to succeed to the office of poet laureate, William Morris, the Socialist soap box orator, and Swinburne, the atheistical free lover. Both refused the position when offered by Gladstone, and it remained vacant for some years. Ibsen, Tolstoi and Anatole France are Anarchists; D'Annunzio and Bjornson are Socialists. It is safe to say that all these men, together with Sudermann and Brandes, have published opinions on the sex question which the Chicago postoffice would consider hopelessly unmailable.

Bernard Shaw differs a little, however, from all these literary radicals. They were all known as writers before they were known as radicals. The best work of all of them, except Ibsen, is a thing apart from their radicalism. We can read "The Earthly Paradise" without thinking of Socialism, or "Anna Karenina" without a suggestion of Anarchism. With Shaw the order is reversed. Dramatic composition was quite a late event in his history, for he was more than thirty-six when he completed his first play. But for many years before that he had been well known as a Socialist lecturer, an opponent of marriage, an anti-vivisectionist, an anti-vaccinationist, a vegetarian and goodness knows what else besides. Shaw is fundamentally and essentially a social revolutionist, and only in the second

place a man of letters. Every good thing he has ever written is more or less saturated with his revolutionary views.

His preliminary training in the study of social questions gave Shaw a great advantage over the other writers I have named. After all, most of these are what Emerson calls "weak and literary." Such men as Ibsen and Swinburne are little more than examples of the "incoherence of transition." It is impossible to say clearly and definitely what they stand for. Not so with Bernard Shaw. The social questions dealt with in his plays were all questions which he had formerly debated in public meetings with the best debaters in London, or studied in books of statistics. To show how well he equipped himself I shall give a quotation from his tract on "The Fabian Society; Its Early History":

"I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings and made speeches at them. I was president of the local government board at an amateur parliament, where a Fabian ministry had to put its proposals into black and white in the shape of parliamentary bills. Every Sunday I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach to myself; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade Unionism, Coöperation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution, that I was able to handle Social Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as to present it to every man from his own particular point of view."

As a result of Shaw's long experience in debating, answering questions at meetings, and compiling statistical tracts, he has very clear ideas on every social problem. He knows just what he wants, why he wants it, and how he proposes to get it. One eminent critic said that "the difference between the spirit of Tolstoy and the spirit of Mr. Shaw is the difference between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Euclid." This was intended as a reproach to Shaw, but it was really the highest praise.

Shaw has another point of superiority over other great radicals in his essentially modern type of mind. Eminent writers have a strong tendency to be praisers of the past. Tolstoi wants to do away with luxury, and persuade everybody to live a simple life upon the land, working hard on plain fare. Ruskin wished to abolish railways and return to stage coaches. William Morris thought that nothing good had happened since the days of Chaucer, and his idea was that we should go back and live in a state of society without organization or machinery, dancing in blissful equality round the village maypole. Shaw has no patience with anything of this kind. He has no reverence for the past. He knows very well that modern cities, modern machinery and highly organized industry have come to stay, but he wants to organize society so that these things may become a blessing instead of a curse. He wants to make cities sanitary, to fill them with inhabitants produced by the most up-to-date methods of scientific breeding, to make machinery public property so that it may be used to cut down the hours of labor to a minimum, and to supply the people with plenty of lively entertainment. In short, Ruskin, Tolstoi and Morris had so little imagination that they could think of the future only in terms of the past, while Shaw has so much that he can imagine a future unlike anything that has ever yet existed.

Many critics have considered his disregard of sentiment a serious fault. But it is really a great virtue in a social reformer. Sentiment



will gather around whatever is established, as surely as moss will grow on an old stone wall. No matter how bad a social system may be, those who have been reared under it will love it and die for it. The social reformer need think only of the primary emotions and fundamental needs without bothering about sentiment. Start every one off with a strong, healthy constitution, let each have plenty to eat, plenty to love, and plenty of time for play, and sentiment will take care of itself.

Shaw possesses the greatest of all literary gifts, that of being interesting. Whatever he writes, a play, a critical essay, a letter to the "Times" on the unemployed question, it is sure to be readable. His originality and irreverence preserve him from ever becoming commonplace. There is no pedantry or longwindedness about him; he sees what is the point of vital human interest in the matter and goes to it at once. The great thing with him is to get there, and he does not care how many new words he invents, or how much slang he uses, so long as the desired result is attained.

No man has dwelt more on the fun of being an agitator than Bernard Shaw. Agitation is his only recreation, for he is a vegetarian, a teetotaller, a non-smoker, who plays at no games and practices no vices. In his tract on the Fabian Society we are always coming on passages like these: "From 1887 to 1889 we were the recognized bullies and swashbucklers of advanced economics." "I must not linger over those high old times, tempting as they are." "Our favorite sport was inviting politicians and economists to lecture to us, and then falling on them with all our erudition and debating skill, and making them wish they had never been born. The curious may consult the files of Mr. George Standring's extinct journal, called 'The Radical,' for a graphic account, written by an individualist, of the fate of a well-known member of Parliament who was lured into our web on one of these occasions. The article is suggestively entitled, 'Butchered to make a Fabian Holiday.'"

Shaw's fun and humor help him as a writer, but they are rather a stumbling-block to him as a prophet. English-speaking people expect great gravity from a man who undertakes to teach a higher morality. They think he should be something like John the Baptist. Laughing prophets are a special product of Celtic nations. The great laughers of France, Rabelais, Molière and Voltaire, have also been the great moral teachers of France. The same combination appears in Irish writers like Swift, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. British and Americans are very suspicious of such characters. They are willing to be amused, but not reformed, by them. It is useless to try to draw such a line, however. Those who begin by letting Shaw amuse them are sure to end by letting him instruct them.

The only occasion on which I ever met Bernard Shaw was at a Socialist convention held at Bradford nearly thirteen years ago. I was quite young then, and it was my first convention, so I have a very vivid recollection of everybody there. Most clearly, however, I remember Bernard Shaw. A number of propaganda meetings were held during the convention, at two of which Shaw and I were set down to speak together, and after one of them I walked home with him right across Bradford. He is a brilliant and rapid conversationalist, but what struck me most was his earnestness and politeness. Beneath his humor and flippancy lies an intense seriousness, perhaps too intense. "He was habitually melancholy, this man who wrote so gaily," said La Harpe of Molière; and I have a strong suspicion that the same might be said of Bernard Shaw. His remarkably sympathetic nature makes him very courteous—"gentlemanly to a degree," as Keir Hardie once called him. When our roads diverged I did not know my way; so Shaw, instead of leaving me to inquire for myself, made it his business to do so for me, and I remember him running across the road to get particulars from a man on the other side. In person he is about six feet high, with yellow hair and beard, rather awkward and angular, and utterly regardless of dress. He is now forty-nine years old.

The majority of LUCIFER's readers would find "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" and "Man and Superman" the most worth reading of his works. Socialists will be delighted with "Widower's Houses" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The ordinary person who wishes only to be amused should read "You Never Can Tell." Of all his plays I think this will live the longest, for it is the liveliest and most humorous, and its fun is of a kind that will always be appreciated.

K. B. KERR.

Little improvement can be expected in morality until the producing of large families is regarded with the same feeling as drunkenness or any other physical excess.—John Stuart Mill.

## "WOMAN'S MAGNA CHARTA."

"But what is this freedom that woman seeks?" I said. "I beg you to tell me at once what this great right is that she calls her MAGNA CHARTA?"

"It is," said Mr. Lister, looking me squarely in the face, "the right to the perfect ownership of her own person."

"In what respect," I said, "does woman want the ownership of her own person? Does she not have it already?"

"In respect to maternity," he replied.

"I do not understand you," I said, "please explain more fully."

"Well," said Mr. Lister, "the women say that while they are willing, under all proper conditions, to undergo what George Sand grandly called 'the august martyrdom of maternity,' they utterly refuse to have that martyrdom imposed upon them. Maternity, multiplied and practically enforced as it is, constitutes the primeval curse that has rested upon them since they were driven from the garden of Eden. They will bear that curse no longer, and the time has come for man to find a way to remove it. In short, they demand, as an inalienable right, that man shall give them an irrevocable, perpetual guarantee, that no woman from this time forth and forever shall be subjected to the woes of maternity without her free, specific consent."

"What a preposterous ideal!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Upon what ground do they base this extraordinary claim?"

"Simply," replied my friend, "upon the ground that maternity is what George Sand called it, a 'martyrdom.' It puts the life of every woman who enters upon it in real jeopardy. It imperils an existence which is as sweet to woman under true conditions as man's existence is to him. The terrible risks of maternity are woman's and woman's alone."

"The risks cannot be shared by man, and woman alone, therefore, should freely elect when she should incur them. Besides the real peril and physical anguish of maternity there are the weary months of sleepless watching, of wearing care and wasting anxiety. For man lightly or indifferently to expose woman to such peril that suffering without her free and undoubted assent is worse than the worst form of African slavery, barbaric and unchristian."

"Unchristian!" I echoed, for the unexpected opening of such an entirely new field for woman's rights confused me so that I repeated mechanically, "Unchristian!"

"Yes, unchristian!" he resumed. "The women quote the saying of St. Paul, 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbor,' and say that man, under the sacred name of love, casts upon woman, who is his nearest and dearest neighbor, the most grievous of human ills. He compels her continually to run a gauntlet as cruel as the Indian's tomahawk, and multitudes sink before it is run. In the face of such terrible ills, 'the clods of the valley are sweet to them.' See, here is a specimen of the cry which appeared in the magazines just before the strike began." And Mr. Lister pointed to a letter which was contained in an article entitled "To Marry or Not to Marry." This letter was entitled:

"WHY I HATE CHILDREN."

"Poetically speaking, children are the rosebuds of life; practically they are the torments of existence. I speak from a long and miserable experience. Married at twenty-five, I am the mother of seven children at thirty-five, the eldest nine years, the youngest nine weeks. I am called their mother, but am really their slave. I was once a care-free, happy, joyous girl, but my children have made me a fretful, nervous, care-worn woman."

"All the romance of my life has gone, the poetry of existence has changed to the dullest prose. I live in the midst of quarrelling children instead of enjoying the society of congenial friends. From Monday morning till Saturday night I am working for my children, yet they show not the slightest gratitude, or make not the least return for all my devotion. Sick or well I am compelled to live in a state of noise and confusion, distracting to my nerves and detestable to all my finer feelings."

"My children are not exceptionally bad or mischievous; all children are more or less so; and, of course, the more children there are in a family the more trouble they give. Had the Roman Cornelia been the mother of seven children, instead of two, she would not have treasured them so highly, and called them her 'jewels.' Instead of their being her pets they would have been the pests of her life, as my seven children are of mine."

"I feel, in fact I know, that I was made for a better, a higher purpose than to be the helpless victim of seven little domestic despots, and one large one. The delicious bloom of my life is gone forever. The sweet fancies, the lovely aspirations, the serene happiness that



made my girlhood a perpetual joy will never more be mine. My days are passed in a pandemonium from which there is no escape.

"I love my husband devotedly, and he deserves all my love, for a kinder, sweeter, tenderer husband never lived; but dear as he is to me, had I known that marriage would have made my life what it is I would never have married him.

A MISERABLE MOTHER."

★ ★ ★

The above extracts are taken from the booklet, "Strike of a Sex."

If the "Miserable Mother" had been the mother of one, two or three children instead of seven she would probably have had sufficient health, strength and self-control to train her children in habits of kindness, sympathy and forbearance towards herself and towards each other, so that instead of the torment of her life they would have been the joy, comfort and happiness of her life.

Of all books sold by us none more nearly preach LUCIFER's central doctrines than does "Strike of a Sex"—including "Zugassent's Discovery," written by Geo. N. Miller, and now published by the Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. The book is remarkably well printed, contains 119 pages, is entertaining as any novel, and sold at the low price of twenty-five cents postpaid. M. H.

### REGISTERED AND UNREGISTERED LETTERS.

Editor LUCIFER:

Advice is cheap; and I have long since seen it classed with kicks and medicine as one of the things we all esteem more congenial to the giver than the receiver.

Mine, for the present, is as follows:

The statute, United States (No. —) Sept. 19, 1890, is damnable of course (what else would you have a Federal statute of Harrison-McKinley days), but the section cited by Hulda L. Potter-Loomis (very likely the only person in America who has read it) does NOT authorize the postmaster general, or the postmaster particular, to hold up *unregistered* letters addressed to alleged frauds, like Helen Wilman-Post; nay, it contains an implication that he must not do so, which, since the thing implied only reaffirms the common law, is sufficient to prove that. The returning of *registered* letters alone is sanctioned. The sender of a registered letter is known by the accompanying postal card. The sender of an *unregistered* letter cannot be known without opening the letter. Section 3929, Revised Statutes (amended), concludes with the words "nothing contained in this section shall be so construed as to authorize any postmaster or other person to open any letter not addressed to himself." Something else must be extractable from "those ten thousand statutes which every one is supposed to know and no one does know;" or the inference is plain. No postmaster can hold up a letter addressed to any one but an alleged fraud (nothing is said about the obscene racket). No one but postmasters instructed by the postmaster general can hold up a letter addressed to an alleged fraud. No postmaster, so instructed, can hold up a letter except on condition of returning it to the sender. No postmaster can return it to the sender without knowing who the sender is. No postmaster may look inside a letter for the sender's name (except, in case of an unknown addressee, at the lost letter office). Ergo, every postmaster is bound (notwithstanding any fraud order) to deliver the letters which come into his hands for alleged frauds, unless the sender's name is given him on a registration postal card, or the envelope, as is sometimes done.

The postmaster at Chicago, and others who have been holding up LUCIFER, remain as liable as before to suit; which is more likely to avail than prosecution.

But the proper person to bring suit is the addressee. The reasoning of Chas. H. Soelke, that only an impossible impeachment stands between any citizen and excommunication from fire and water by one Jack-in-office, all assumes the citizen to be an apparent evil-doer, whose crime the Jack-in-office would prevent instead of punishing. This description may apply to an alleged fraud, but it does not to the receiver of an obscene publication. Anthony Comstock doubtless receives more obscene publications than any other man in America. Is he an apparent evil-doer? Perish the thought! Besides, the courts have held differently. Now, to say that he and other detectives may receive obscene mail matter but plain folks like me may not, would be that discrimination of persons or classes of persons which Mr. Soelke says is beyond the power of Congress itself, not to mention the postmaster general (J. I. O.): I renew, therefore, my advice that readers of LUCIFER combine in sufficient numbers to sue

the Chicago J. I. O., and, if necessary, the postmaster general, for the confiscation, without law, of their property (copies of LUCIFER mailed to them) under the frivolous pretense of preventing the editor of LUCIFER from committing an offense which, if any, was *already consummated* when he deposited these copies in the mail. I am glad to see some correspondents approve of this suggestion. It is the only practical one I can make as things are, though ridicule, as Bernard Shaw has just proved again, is great; and if I were editing a large paper like the "Record-Herald" I would fill it with blanks imitated from yours, e. g., "We are afraid the postmaster general will hold us up if we print what naturally follows: Our neighbor, Miss Tabittia Bramble, says the usual word in this place isn't nice, so we leave the reader to imagine it for fear we should be held up," etc. If you can induce some editor to do this act, do!

Readers who think of suing the J.'s I. O. for holding up their LUCIFER want to hurry their cakes, however, or their case will be getting old. Your device of letting your paper be censored in advance, as if this were Russia twenty-five years ago—they don't do such things in Russia now—may be a good way to consult your own safety, but it gives the enemy a precedent.

"And many an error, by the like example,  
Will rush into the state—"

unless you do what I am now going to advise. Get up a special list of subscribers for unmailable matter, putting their rate high enough to pay for letter postage as often as need. Every time the J. I. O. censors LUCIFER send them unutilized *marked* copies in sealed envelopes, which the J. I. O. dare not open. Have the envelopes addressed by typewriter or mailing machine, *with nothing outside to show whence they come*. Do not have them put in the postoffice itself, but in pillar posts dispersedly. In case of detection and interference have sub-editors (readers in different towns) among whom the list can be divided, and send them packages of the unmailables by express or freight with stamps. Of course their names must be concealed. I'll bet your list of subscribers for unmailable LUCIFERS will soon exceed the other.

As for writing to Roosevelt, a mere sensationalist, whom all the politicians of his party have found out and every one else will soon find out, I am of W. W. M.'s opinion about its utility. There would be more hope in addressing members of Congress.

C. L. JAMES.

Under date Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 28, 1905, Mr. James writes us the following postscript: I shall not issue a call, as proposed by Frank Weller in your last edition, because I believe many others are better situated for the work he proposes than myself. It should be done by some one living in a large city, like Chicago, able to see his lawyer, a person selected for competence and familiarity with such business, every day. Or the lawyer should be himself the assignee of those whose papers have been held up (but then he must be trustworthy—there is a class of lawyers who like nothing better than a case adapted to attract general attention, like a suit against postmasters for their official conduct). I am glad my suggestion to bring suit against the Chicago hold-up man, and his Washington boss, if necessary, has found so much favor. I hope our friends will find a suitable person to materialize it. If they insist on my doing so, and subscribe, as Mr. Weller proposes, I will serve, but I have given my reasons for not wanting the job. My being an Anarchist is an additional one. It would be thrown up to me as inconsistent, and there are enough believers in the law to test its value.

C. L. JAMES.

### LOCAL LECTURES AND MEETINGS.

Meetings of the Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet avenue, are held Mondays and Thursdays of each week. Lectures begin at 8 p. m. Discussions follow the lecture. All invited to participate.

The Chicago Society of Anthropology holds regular meetings Sunday afternoons in Corinthian Hall, seventeenth floor Masonic building. Meetings open at 2:30. All invited.

Chicago Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 8 o'clock p. m. in Hall 913, Masonic Building.

According to the Rosalia (Wash.) Citizen, a Seattle woman sued for a divorce on the ground that her husband "tried to make her love him"—a truly reprehensible act on his part if they are right who hold that increase and not love is the justification for marriage. As a possible warning to other husbands the court granted the lady the divorce for which she prayed.—The Truth Seeker, New York.





THE LIGHT-BEARER.

MOSES HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:

E. C. WALKER, 34 WEST 142 STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## LUCIFER: ITS MEANING AND PURPOSE.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—Webster's Dictionary.

LUCIFEROUS—Giving light; affording light or the means of discovery.—Same.

LUCIFIC—Producing light.—Same.

LUCIFORM—Having the form of light.—Same.

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

CONGRESS SHALL MAKE NO LAW RESPECTING AN ESTABLISHMENT OF RELIGION, OR PROHIBITING THE FREE EXERCISE THEREOF; OR ABRIDGING THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH, OR OF THE PRESS; OR THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE PEACEABLY TO ASSEMBLE, AND TO PETITION THE GOVERNMENT FOR A REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES.—First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

To friends far and near:  
 Happy, Happy New Year.

## ON THE GRIDIRON ONCE MORE.

Thursday, Jan. 4, in the Federal Building in this city, before the United States Court of Appeals, a hearing was had in the case of "Moses Harman, plaintiff in error, against the United States, defendant in error." Case for plaintiff was argued by Seymour Stedman, and replied to by District Attorney Morrison. No decision reached. Decision may be expected any day. LUCIFER's forms were held back one day for this brief report.

## G. BERNARD SHAW.

The prominence given to this writer by the attempts to keep the general public from witnessing the performance of his plays has probably caused all the readers of LUCIFER to want to know something of the man himself, and of his history. Although the longest contributed article in this issue it is believed every reader will be well repaid by a careful perusal of the sketch of this noted man's career, as given by a personal acquaintance, and one who would not allow personal bias to warp his judgment. In the near future we hope to print a selection from an address by Lawyer Adelman of this city upon "Mrs. Warren's Profession," delivered before a large and very appreciative audience in the Masonic Temple, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1905.

M. HARMAN.

## LETTERS TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

After careful weighing of the pros and cons it is believed best not to print in LUCIFER any more copies of letters addressed to President Roosevelt, and not to encourage our friends to write and send any more letters to that official in LUCIFER's behalf. Judging from the many answers received by the writers of these letters it is very probable if not quite certain that Theodore Roosevelt has never seen even one of the hundreds of personal letters sent to him, and that all these letters are simply pigeon-holed in the office of the first

assistant postmaster general, Mr. Hitchcock—if not destroyed as soon as received.

This procedure only illustrates anew what we all have had abundant reason to know, namely, that the President of the United States is in no sense the servant of the people. To send letters addressed to himself—making complaint of the action of the postoffice officials—to those officials themselves, is to offer an unpardonable insult to the writers of such letters. It reminds me of the action of "the board of pardons" at Washington while I was confined in the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The officials of that prison and many other influential citizens of Kansas applied for my release from prison on the ground of ill-health and other reasons. The board refused to consider the case because the prosecuting attorney and the judge who sent me to prison refused to sign the application for my release.

In this connection attention is called to the letter of C. L. James in this issue, in which letter the plan is proposed of suing the postal officials for damages sustained by the subscribers who have lost their property through the unlawful action of these officials.

While it is believed that the writing of letters to Roosevelt has not been altogether in vain, and while the officers of the league are certainly grateful to those who so promptly responded to their suggestion, and while LUCIFER's editor would return sincerest thanks for all such efforts, including the writing of duplicate copies of such letters to be printed in LUCIFER, the accumulation of these letters in this office is now so great that it is simply impossible to find room for even a small fraction thereof. For this reason and because of the great press of other excellent matter it is thought best, as before said, to treat all alike, and print no more of such letters.

If our friends wish their letters returned to them they are hereby requested to notify us of such desire.

M. H.

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.

Pursuant to time-honored custom it was perhaps expected by many readers that our last issue of LUCIFER, that of Dec. 21, would make honorable mention of the annual holiday called Christmas. That no mention was made of this the most popular of all our national holidays was owing to the fact that LUCIFER's editor holds that the custom of celebrating Christmas is one that would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance." At least that the usual and popular methods of such celebration are not conducive to health, longevity and happiness of the people who participate therein, not to mention their effect upon posterity, or upon the continued life and progress of the human race—through the educational features of this ancient holiday.

That the original significance of the festival now known as Christmas was beautiful, natural and conducive to health, social equality, human sympathy and solidarity of human interests, is doubtless very true. In prehistoric times this festival, under other names, "Yule Tide," etc., was instituted to celebrate the resurrection of the sun-god, after his eclipse, or temporary death, at the time of the winter "solstice"—sun-stand, and therefore the original meaning of this holiday was the celebration of the birth of a new year, and not at all what the day is now made to commemorate.

In later times, or since the conquest of the northern tribes of Europe by Christian emperors of Rome, this ancient festival, beautiful and inspiring in its significance, was perverted to serve and perpetuate one of the most debasing and inhuman of old time superstitions, that of bloody sacrifice to appease the wrath of an angry deity. "Christ mass," means simply the offering of a "consecrated wafer," called the "host," believed to be the body of Christ, which in mass is offered as a sacrifice. See Webster's Dictionary, edition of 1886.

This means that the old Hebrew, Phœnician and Egyptian doctrine of "vicarious atonement for sin," through the sacrifice of bullocks, lambs, rams, goats, doves, and also of human beings, could produce reconciliation between an offended god and offending man. That is, that the innocent could and must suffer, must bleed and die, for the guilty.

The basic Christian superstition is that the innocent son of the Hebrew god, Jehovah, or more correctly spelled Yahveh, was offered up as a sacrifice, killed, for the sins of the world on the Roman cross, about one thousand nine hundred years ago, and that this bloody sacrifice is repeated year after year by the priest, at the time of Christ mass, Christmas, by offering on the church altar a consecrated cake, called the "host."

This is the first and quite sufficient reason why I, a Freethinker or Rationalist, decline to take part in the celebration of the church



feast called Christmas. There are many other and very weighty reasons which cannot be enumerated at this place and time.

If this festival could be celebrated in a rational manner and as at first intended, that is, to commemorate the annual birth of a new year, I should have no objection to it, but, as already said, I regard this Christmas custom as one that would be honored in the perpetual breach rather than its yearly observance. M. H.

### ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

As stated more than once in these columns, LUCIFER's editor has neither taste, talent nor time for personal controversy. It is only when accused of conduct dishonorable to him as a man and as a citizen of the world, that he takes any notice of newspaper assaults. It is mainly because of its incorrect statements in regard to matters of business that the following editorial in the December number of the magazine called "Health Without Drugs" (London, England), is given a place in our much crowded columns. This editorial is headed, "Comments on Some Sex Reformers," with the sub-head, "Variety Love Leads to Ill-Health, Loneliness, Failures and Poverty." It starts off in this style:

"I will begin with Mr. Moses Harman, Editor of LUCIFER (500 Fulton street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.), post free, 5 cents or 3 pence. If I understand Mr. Harman rightly he advocates free love. Not lustful love, but love amongst those who are sexually attracted to each other. The number of lovers is not limited, hence, they have adopted the name variety lovers. Mr. Harman is now seventy-six years of age. He has been imprisoned twice [thrice] because he printed articles to which the postal censors objected, and he is again on \$1,000 [\$1,500] bail [pending appeal to higher court], pending the action of a federal grand jury for circulating obscene literature.

"Readers of current periodicals know that there is hardly any paper on social and food reform which does not include the discussion of sex matters, and the editors are unmolested by the authorities. No man of discretion would have printed the obscene (?) paragraphs after having been punished twice for a similar offense. His ignorance regarding the effects of sexual indulgence may be inferred from the following paragraph from *Lucifer* (December 10th, 1898), in which he describes his physical condition. I understand that he was never a strong man:

"I am not really sick, but have fallen into a low condition of vitality—a state of nervous prostration, so to speak; a lack of digestive and assimilative power—accompanied with insomnia, and resulting in loss of appetite, loss of strength, and loss of avoirdupois (twenty pounds reduction inside of two months)."

"I sent Mr. Harman a copy of my pamphlet, 'Sexuality and Vitality,' but he never thought it worthy of notice. A careful study of it, however, and the adoption of my principles, would have saved him from his breakdown. Some of my readers may perhaps divine the cause of his nervous debility. He also states that he came out of prison in better health than he went in. Leppelites can explain this fact easily. As his sisters (?) did not accompany him there was no temptation to waste vital fluid. Any man of weak constitution who has a little common sense knows that he is better in health without sexual relations.

Mr. A. M. writes: 'Dear Miss Leppel—I have made sure that all you say is correct about foods which produce an excess of vital essence, and the practice of sexual union is a shocking drain on the whole system. I have proved it, and nothing can alter my conviction. How many men are sent to their graves yearly through their wives? When I was living in the South of England there was a woman who was known to have outlived, or, rather, outlived, six husbands. Her present husband was the seventh and he was confined to bed, dying of consumption. You are at liberty to give my address to any inquirers.'

"Last year Mr. Harman asked me to exchange advertisements with him, space for space, and advertisement for advertisement. I inserted his advertisement twice, but, in return, he printed a small inaccurate advertisement about actresses, without my authority, omitting my name, the name of my magazine, and the number of address. In answer to my surprised inquiry, he stated that he had written it from memory, because mine had been mislaid. When reminding him of his promise, space for space, he informed me that he had no time to pay attention to details. When I sent my advertisement again, he accused me of monopolizing his paper, and that my advertisement would take at least half a column. It contained the same number of words as his own, and would occupy, of course, no more space. *Lucifer* still owes me an advertisement.

"I see in a contemporary that Mr. Harman is poor, and that his friends will have to support him if he is fined. A reformer who has not sufficient sense to provide for himself the necessities of life and keep clear of the law is incompetent to guide the young. The doctrine of variety love is most degenerating, especially for the young. If variety lovers knew that sexual excess was a kind of temporary insanity, the result of wrong foods, they would not waste their money in supporting the editor. Variety love leads to ill-health, loneliness, failures and poverty. Though prostitution deteriorates the nation, yet if variety love were adopted, it would lead to worse results. I cannot publish the reason for fear of coming into conflict with the

law. A short explanation in a private letter (under 200 words) can be obtained, however, for one guinea or five dollars (prepaid)."

These extracts from "Health Without Drugs" are given place, for these among other reasons:

First, because the editor, Madame Sophie Leppel, asked me to do so.

Second, because she is by no means alone in her misunderstanding of LUCIFER's work, and of the personal life of its editor. Madame Leppel voices the opinion of many thousands, in Europe and America, who consider themselves fully emancipated from old-time superstitions of all sorts—the sexual as well as the theologic and political—so that in replying to her I reply to a large class of so-called Free Thinkers, Secularists, and Evolutionists.

Third, because to fail entirely to notice criticisms such as those of Madame Leppel would subject me to the implication, in the minds of friends as well as foes, that the charges are well founded, and that silence means confession of their substantial truth.

To begin, then, let me say that LUCIFER's space is too small and too precious to admit answers, in detail, of all the points made by my London critic. Only the more important can be noticed in this reply.

In general terms I agree with much of the reform for which Sophie Leppel stands committed. The food question is one of the most important; therefore I would gladly cooperate in all practical ways with those who agitate for more rational habits of eating and drinking. I have often desired to quote—approvingly—from the columns of "Health Without Drugs," and it is mainly because of my good will toward its editor that I give her so much of our limited space.

Yes, it is very true that "social reform and food reform papers discuss sex matters and not molested by the authorities." Is there anything strange about this? In Garrison's time many papers discussed the questions of capital and labor and were unmolested, but when the "Liberator" attacked the then popular relation of these two social factors at once there was trouble.

Yes, it is true that I have continued to publish matter that is called "obscene" by the postal authorities, after being imprisoned thrice for "similar offenses." It may be true, as my critic says, that "no man of discretion" would continue such publication, after such warning. Are we to infer from this that Madame Leppel would stop publishing her views on health without drugs if the postal authorities should decide such doctrines to be unavailable? and that persistence would mean fines and imprisonment for herself?

Madame Leppel is not alone in giving such advice. Many of LUCIFER's readers would have me stop talking about the sex-question, in the way I have been doing, and would have me conform to popular and conventional laws and usages on this subject.

To all these critics, whether friendly or unfriendly, I would respectfully say, once for all, that while I make no promises for the future; while I may see things in a wholly different light tomorrow, and may then shape my course according to other standards of right and truth, yet for today, I would echo the words of Shakspeare when he said:

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon," than to follow a temporizing line of conduct such as that evidently advocated and practiced by Sophie Leppel and by many other good meaning people. If I were a dog there would be no feeling of responsibility for my senseless barking. The dog acts from emotion, or intuition, alone, instead of from enlightened rationality, while the evolved human animal is supposed to consider what effect his conduct will have upon his fellow humans, and upon their posterity.

Where, O where, let me ask of Sophie Leppel, would be human liberty and human progress today if all men and women in the past had meekly followed her advice, and had bowed meekly to the commands of men "clothed with a little brief authority?"

Whenever the time comes that LUCIFER's editor shall make the opinions of the postal officials, the Federal judges or the Federal executive his standard of conduct or of conscience, then, quoting the language of that sturdy old Roman warrior, Cassius: "Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!"

### VARIETY LOVE.

Yes, LUCIFER's editor advocates freedom in love, commonly called "free love," as in all other relations in life, but I have never "adopted the name variety lover." I have adopted no name, whatsoever, except liberty-lover and seeker after truth. I do not advocate promiscuous sex-relations, variety relationships, nor monogamic, polygamous nor polyandrous relationships; I simply demand the right of each and all to choose her or his own life in this regard. With



Spencer I say: "Each should have the undisputed right to do as he pleases so long as he invades not the equal right of others."

"The very head and front of my offending hath this offense, no more."

The paragraph quoted by Madame Leppel as proof that I am a variety-lover and that I indulge the sex appetite to excess, was first inserted in LUCIFER as explanation of my then proposed vacation in Florida. The "nervous prostration" spoken of was really no new experience. I had been subject to periods of such prostration for more than thirty years. As to whether indulgence of the sex instinct had aught to do with any of these periods of prostration I certainly do not know, but that such has not been the fact as to many of these cases I have the best evidence possible. That my coming out of prison in better health than when I entered was owing to forced abstinence from sex-indulgence, is only one of Sophie Leppel's numerous unfounded assumptions. When first imprisoned I was suffering from epidemic "lagrippe." Comparative rest of mind and body, together with more careful attention to such hygiene as was possible within prison walls, cured me of lagrippe—not the absence of my "sisters," as charitably (?) inferred by my self-complaisant, highly opinionated critic.

Yes, I have made some mistakes in sexual matters, as perhaps all septuagenarians have done, but that I have not been a sinner beyond the average of men in this regard, I have good reason to know. That these mistakes—the mistakes of ignorance mainly—have been on the side of asceticism, of total abstinence, rather than of over-indulgence, I verily believe. While freely confessing my errors I am very willing to compare records in this regard with any of my accusers, not excepting Madame Leppel herself! If what she records of her own nervous break-downs be true, and if, as she infers in my case, nervous exhaustion is due to sexual excesses, then my mentor should heed the injunction, "Physician, heal thyself."

#### MY POVERTY.

Yes, as stated by a "contemporary," it is very true that I am "poor" in this world's goods, but I am not a pauper. I have enough to supply the "necessities of life," without calling on "my friends," but I freely confess to not having "sense enough to provide" a fund large enough to pay heavy fines of the Federal court, and if ability to "keep clear of the law" is the best evidence that I am "Incompetent to guide the young," then I plead guilty to such incompetence.

In fact, I have not set myself up as a guide for the young or the old. I am myself but a learner, a pupil in life's great school. I am willing and anxious to learn—from Madame Leppel, the youthful Leppel, or from any one who knows anything concerning life's problems, and especially the most important of all life's problems, those pertaining to the egoistic hunger for food, to keep the body alive, and to the altruistic hunger for the relation that keeps the race from dying out.

If I were so lucky as to have five dollars to spare I might be tempted to invest it in a lesson of 200 words, written by the head-center of "Leppelism," the founder of the sect, or cult, of that name, but on account of lack of good "sense" in accumulating dollars, I must forego the written lesson and content myself with what I can glean of Leppelism from the magazine, "Health Without Drugs," which comes to us in exchange for LUCIFER. And this brings me to the most important of the charges made against me, that of failure to fulfill my promise in regard to

#### EXCHANGE OF ADS.

Whether I suggested such exchange or accepted the suggestion I have quite forgotten, and whether I agreed to equal space and number of words, has passed my recollection, but if I did so it was certainly with the understanding that there should be reasonable limits to space to be occupied by the exchange. It is true that I at first inserted Madame Leppel's ad. from memory, but I then believed, and still believe, that I inserted the most important features of the ad. as sent by her. It is true as she says that I omitted her name, and this omission sealed my doom, no doubt. As the good lady is evidently ambitious to be the founder of a new sect—Leppelites—the most important part of her ad. was and is her own name, but I gave correctly the name and purpose of her magazine, also the name of the buildings and the city in which it is published. I inserted this ad. three times, with what is called a "Cap. head," and then changed it for one dictated by herself—word for word—and ran the corrected ad. in at least three separate issues of LUCIFER. Then when she asked me to insert a new ad., so large that it would occupy about a half column of our wide measure I respectfully declined, on ac-

count of "monopoly" of our very limited space allowed for advertising.

So far as I know we have already given Madame Leppel more of space than she has given to us, but to silence all complaint on this score I now offer to insert a new ad. for her, not to exceed two inches in depth, one or more times in LUCIFER, and will add to this offer a promise to insert, as space may allow, selections from her teachings upon the food question in its relation to the right control of sex hunger, and will close this long comment by earnestly advising LUCIFER's readers to send ten cents, stamps or coin, to "Miss Sophie Leppel, 26 Clovelly Mansions, Grays Inn, London, W. C., England." This, by the way, is the exact instruction as to address given by the lady herself.

#### ★ ★ ★ ANOTHER SIDE.

I began this exceptionally long article with the title "Alternating Currents," and will now give a little space to a current that flows the other way. In the "Woman's Journal," Boston, dated December 23, 1905, appears a letter from the treasurer of the Free Speech League, with a short comment thereon by the assistant editor, Alice Stone Blackwell. The article is headed in capital letters, "Garrison and Harman," is addressed to the editors of the Woman's Journal, and reads as follows:

Your last issue contains the tribute of Mr. E. H. Clement, of the Boston Transcript, to Garrison, and as I read it, including his inquiry, "Where is the hero for the hour" of today? the reply comes to me, without a doubt, it is Moses Harman. In many ways his experiences parallel those of Garrison. He is contending with the same "elements of entrenched wrong" as enumerated by Clement, and I can but wonder if Clement had Harman in mind when he wrote his query: "Who are they that are doing in our day the same sort of pioneering, with the same sacrifices and stripes, that Garrison did?"

In your editorial on Garrison I find these points in which Harman reminds me of Garrison:

1. He "stood almost alone."
2. Slavery was a "divine institution," and Church and State were allied in its support. Garrison fought it. Marital slavery now stands similarly supported. Harman assaults it.
3. Garrison repudiated political action altogether, as Harman does today.
4. Garrison was, like Tolstoy, a non-resistant, and Harman is in this like them both.
5. Garrison was "aggressive and uncompromising in his utterances." So is Harman.
6. Garrison was "equally strenuous in his advocacy of woman's rights." Harman is, if possible, even more so.
7. Garrison was in earnest, would not retreat, would be heard. Harman is made of just that stuff; and we hope for a final "parallel case," that fifty years hence Harman's assault on the evils of marital slavery will be as much appreciated as is today Garrison's on black slavery.

E. B. FOOTE, JR., M. D.

[Some of Mr. Clement's hearers in Boston, as well as Dr. Foote, were reminded of Moses Harman by that description. It is not likely that all Mr. Harman's views will ever be generally accepted (and Garrison's non-voting and extreme non-resistance principles seem no nearer acceptance now than fifty years ago), but it is only a question of time when Mr. Harman's opposition to the servitude of wives will be recognized as wholly rational and noble.—A. S. B.]

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And here is still another alternating current. In "Wilshire's Magazine" for January, 1906, under the head "The Post Office Autocracy," appears this defense of Liberty and Equality, in which the editor mentions LUCIFER and the attempt to suppress it:

One of the most remarkable incidents of the growth of the tendency to autocracy methods in this country is seen in the way the postoffice treats anybody who does not walk the chalk line as drawn by the postoffice officials.

I myself was thrown out of the mails because the postoffice ruled that as I was publishing "Wilshire's Magazine" to advertise Wilshire's ideas, "Wilshire's" was merely published for advertising purposes, and therefore, had no right to the second-class entry.

As a result I had to go to Canada and publish "Wilshire's" in Toronto for three long years before the United States postoffice could be brought to realize the absurdity of their ruling, and their grave offense against a free press.

When a man can be thrown out of the mails for his publishing his own ideas there is very little freedom of the press remaining for us Americans. It's a long road to travel, but the only remedy is to elect a President who will appoint postmasters who are no nincompoops. Some day we Americans will travel this road, but we are not ready just yet for it, even to gain freedom of the press.

Moses Harman, editor of LUCIFER, in Chicago, was thrown out of the mails merely because he stated that he thought a wife should have control of her own person. The postoffice said this was obscene, and LUCIFER's light is extinguished. But it is burning again, feebly, and will burn fiercely some day.

Those journals which sell on account of their vulgarity and obscenity are never molested by our remarkably modest postmaster



general. He must pick upon a theorist like Harman, who writes his stuff for thinkers, and not for the lovers of the yellow, to exercise his power.

Many other currents setting in the same direction might be cited, but these must suffice for this time. M. H.

### THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE IDEALS.

This is the title of a leading article in the December "Arena," written by Theodore Schroeder, whose essay on the "Impurity of Divorce Suppression" in the same magazine attracted much attention some months ago. Beginning with Ancient Greece Mr. Schroeder carefully traces the growth of, and changes in, marriage ideals from primitive times to the present. Considerable space is given to the treatment accorded to women by the fathers of the Christian church—or churches. The following are a few characteristic paragraphs:

"By the tenth century, woman's subjection as a chattel-slave was complete. Her husband-owner could mortgage, sell or kill her, just as he could any other live chattel. No wonder, then, that thousands of women were driven into monasteries, as the only place offering even a little freedom, economic independence and respectability.

"The same crime was more severely punished, if committed by a woman, than if committed by a man. The wife's rebellion against her husband was punished as treason. President Roosevelt still esteems it akin to treason for the sex-slave in marriage to refuse to render sex-service. Before the Mothers' Congress, speaking of the deliberately childless wife, he said: 'Such a creature merits contempt, as hearty as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle.' The deserter before a foe is killed. Does Mr. Roosevelt's 'contempt as hearty' mean that he desires also to inflict the death penalty on married women who have deliberately limited their offspring to a number less than their utmost physical capacity? That is the logical inference.

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"We have now seen how Christian denunciation of marriage, as impure, and of women as subordinate and vile, produced a wifehood of chattel-slavery. This necessarily involved that rendering sex-service had become a woman's slave-duty to her husband-owner. Under our present partial emancipation and enlightenment, husbands lack the courage, publicly, to insist upon this as their personal right, but instead, ask for it for themselves in the name of a class, nation or race, which every such man feels himself in duty bound to save from its imminent danger of extinction. As formerly he demanded a slavish slave, so now he demands a 'womanly woman,' one who joyously defends and meekly submits to the male imposition of economic dependence, intellectual inferiority, a dual standard of morals and female duties. Motherhood, as a right, has vanished, and motherhood as a duty is still preached by the benighted as the highest mark of female slave-virtue.

"Other forces have contributed to the persistence of this ideal. The tribal chiefs and war lords, needing soldiers for slaughter, rediscovered their advantage in making breeding a virtue. Napoleon needed 'food for cannon,' so when the brilliant but barren Madame de Staël asked him: 'Who is the greatest woman?' he said: 'She who has borne her husband the greatest number of children.' Frederick the Great, in 1741, wrote: 'I look upon men as a herd of deer in the zoölogical gardens of a great lord; their only duty is to propagate and fill the park.' President Roosevelt still endorses this ideal as the highest for womankind when he says that 'the wilfully barren woman has no place in a sane, healthy and vigorous community,' and adds, before the Mothers' Congress, that: 'There are exceptional men and exceptional women, who can lead, and ought to lead, great careers of outside usefulness, in addition to \* \* \* not as a substitute for \* \* \* their home duties.' Until the zoölogical garden of her great lord and master is full of deer, and these adequately cared for by her, woman may not even aspire to a career of other usefulness without forfeiting her right to live in a 'sane, healthy and vigorous community!' It is quite incomprehensible, how women with any education can sit calmly under—or even applaud—such degrading denial of an equal opportunity for the exercise of other than their breeding capacity and its incidents."

In these utterances of Theodore Roosevelt we see an adequate explanation of the opposition to sex freedom for woman by the present national administration, as evinced by the rulings of the postal department and by the prosecutions in the Chicago Federal courts. Judges Bethea and Landis, in the Stockham and Harman cases, and the postoffice bureau at Washington and Chicago simply enforce the policy of their chief.

Speaking of sex-slavery in marriage our author says further:

"Thus the husband-master of a sex-slave in marriage, not caring or daring to repudiate the whole of the ascetic ideal, yet seeking a moral justification for a wife's compulsory gratification of his sensual appetites, secured the aid of both the church and the state, and all these still seek to limit a woman's activities, to coerce propagation and its incidents. All are united to laud her compulsory sex-submission as a virtue.

"Even to this day, in probably every state in the Union, the law still recognizes the husband's ownership of his wife's body. He may rape his wife with practical impunity, since marriage is a defense to the crime of rape. When he rapes a woman without having acquired that right, by priestly ceremony, even though she is his paid mistress, the criminal law against rape will send him to prison. Even if the law were changed, economic dependence and a perverted public opinion, which in consequence of such dependence prates of 'wifely duty,' would still compel submission; and all this, because the Bible says: 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands in all things.'"

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The closing paragraphs read thus:

"The press dispatches recently announced that the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago had posted this notice: 'Employees of this bank receiving a salary of less than \$1,000 a year must not marry without first consulting the bank officials and obtaining their approval.' The reason assigned was that: 'It is nonsense for a man to attempt to care for a wife and family with an annual income of \$1,000. We would feel ourselves partly responsible for any misery which might follow, if we approved of such a course.' The clear imputation is that an economically dependent wife, to a husband with small salary, is a direct inducement to embezzlement, and prudent business men are unwilling to assume the moral risks.

"All this but makes it clear that economic and social pressure are compelling the abandonment of our present ideals which, without clearer moral vision, we refuse voluntarily to relinquish. Thus we will arrive at a legalized, easily dissoluble monogamy, into which woman will enter on terms of perfect equality as to her economic, moral, religious and political status, and her compulsory maternity will be replaced by the enlightened motherhood of privilege, in which the right of the child to be well born will be the paramount consideration. The realization of this ideal, toward which we are tending, is still far off, and what may be beyond is not given me to know."

### VARIOUS VOICES.

Full name and address of writers in this department can generally be obtained on application to the editor.

We are always glad to receive calls from friends visiting the city. Take the Lake street elevated, stop at Ashland avenue, walk one block east, then one block north. Or take Fulton street electric car west and stop at St. John's place, alighting in front of our house. The Lake street electric and Paulina street cars also pass within a block of our residence.

A. A. C., Mo.—At present I am among a rough, wild class of people, quite licentious and foul of speech, but steeped in the prevailing social beliefs and deeply prejudiced. They read and think but little and seem well satisfied with present conditions.

GEO. FOULKROD, Suffolk, Va.—Enclosed find \$1 to apply on my subscription to LUCIFER. I don't think this country can boast of a better government than Russia as far as respect for the rights of the people is concerned. I hope you will come out all right at your trial. I can't see how any intelligent jury can make you out guilty.

JOHN LINK, for Bohem. Am. Educat. Club, New Bedford, Mass.—Enclosed you will find \$5. We did the best we could. It was impossible to get any subscribers, because the majority of our members are not able to read an English paper. So the last meeting allowed the treasurer to send you \$5 as support to be used in the fight for the existence of LUCIFER.

ALICE ARCHER LITTLE, Mass.—If the trouble you are meeting with the law were not so serious a matter to you personally it would seem to me the quintessence of foolishness when I read what is supposed to be such awful and wicked speech for human ears to hear, and the growing mind to think upon. I feel like a second "Alice in Wonderland" with each new departure and "hold-up." The whole world cannot be so shocked by such vital matters being examined, and



different opinions expressed must be—as I always look at all history—the event controlled by some one person, governed by secret animosities, that results in such experiences as yours. I hope this will be the last infliction, and that all these will only increase the interest they are intended to quell.

M. L. S., Atlantic City, N. J.—I think that it might be a good thing to do if a few men from New York City would go to Washington and interview "Ted"—or if you could make the trip yourself, in company with Dr. E. B. Foote, E. C. Walker and others.

ERNEST EBEL, Chicago, Ill.—Our friend, August Boshammer, San Blas, Mexico, sends \$2 for LUCIFER. When I went to Topolobampo in '92 Boshammer was the first one to inform me about your struggle in Kansas and the real conditions of the freedom of press and speech in the United States. Wishing you strength and endurance in the struggle for freedom.

O. LEONARD, St. Louis, Mo.—I send you a copy of "The New Life," which I have written. I think you could make arrangements with my publishers to sell the booklet. You can announce at any rate that it can be ordered through you. I heard of the shameful proceedings of the postal censors against you and your paper. I need not tell you what I think of it all. You know my views on such subjects. I wish I had the power to help you in this fight. I know that every freedom loving man should do something against this reign of czarism in America.

W. G. MARKLAND, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The idea of appealing to the president is unpleasant to say the least. It seems to me that the logical, feasible program in all such cases as yours is open, dignified, public protests and endurance.

Despotic greed dominates presidents, congresses, courts and all the petty machinery of government and until its potentialities are worked out we will find no relief. My feelings find voice in "let 'er grind," and "damned be he who first cries hold, enough!"

The assault on you means larger game in view. It's an apprentice hand at your throat. We may look for the master's hand ere long. "Brothel syndicates" are a coming feature among the political gods. Although weak you are an obstacle to be crushed. It's destiny, but the struggle must go on to its limit.

C. H., Ashland, Wis.—Enclosed find \$1.50. This pays my subscription from No. 1049 and leaves 50 cents for any other purpose. I should enjoy the reading of some of the literature of protest, but cannot do much propaganda work. The moment I speak of the postal inquisition the most intelligent man among my hearers shouts: "You are an Anarchist." The epithet "Anarchist" is quite equal in these days to the "A Heretic" of olden time in its sociologic effect. The victim is vanquished. To all arguments or excuses the hearers say, in their quiet way, "O! Never mind, I don't care to argue the question." Generally they walk away. Truth to tell, I find only one or two out of sixty-five men who can be induced to listen to any of what I should call reasonable talk. Most of them care for nothing but to talk of the amount of work they can do and the latest scandal or sensation. As to "letters to the president," I consider them as so much wasted energy. Comstock didn't ask the president for his powers to become a general nuisance. Nor can the president take away those powers. "Subscriber," on page 420 of LUCIFER, No. 1053, offers the only sensible solution of the problem. I disagree with nearly all the main principles advocated by LUCIFER, but still I like the paper because it is strong.

#### BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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